

ARGUS

LITERARY SOCIETIES

Volume 2

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# The Argus

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# THE ARGUS

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## LITERARY DEPARTMENT

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### My First Visit to Town

(BY T. L. WILSON, '12)

I was reared on a farm near the foot of the Cherry Mountains, and had reached the unlucky age of thirteen before I had made my first visit to town. As I had a brother, Jack, two years older than I, father always took him when he went to market. He would console my longings by telling me to wait until the next time. I did not like this, especially, when the other boys much younger than I, from our own neighborhood, would talk about the wonderful things they had seen in town. I could imagine how pleasant it would be to stand on a street corner and watch the buggies, wagons, and automobiles pass—although I did not have the slightest idea what an automobile could be like. I thought, too, that I should like to gaze through the show windows of some large store, as it was then late in the fall and the Christmas goods were on sale.

At last my time came. Father loaded his wagon with sweet potatoes one Friday night so that he could get to market early next morning. As this was his last trip before Christmas, I was more anxious to go this time than ever before. But, as usual, Jack was expecting to spend another happy day in town and let me stay at home to cut wood. We were all up bright and early Saturday morning. Jack hurried off to get the mules, but before he reached the stable he stepped on a large nail. The poor fellow came limping back to the house, and father told me he guessed I would have to take his place. Well, I will not say I was glad of his misfortune, but I lost no time in getting ready to start, for I was afraid he might decide to go.

When the sun rose over the mountains, we were some dis-

tance on our journey. Although there were many things by the way to attract my attention, I was very anxious to reach town. Just as the town clock was striking nine we drove into the lower end of Main street. I do not know how I looked—an overgrown lad of thirteen years, weighing about one hundred and forty pounds, perched on top of a load of sweet potatoes—but I was busy looking at the wonders that greeted my eyes. We drove through the business part of town until we came to a grocery store. The potatoes were unloaded at the cellar door and father unhitched his team. He was now ready to show me the town. He took me by the hand—for if he had not I would have been left gazing at something until he was three blocks away—and began to show me around.

We first went into a department store, which was jammed with folks. Not being used to seeing so many people except at church, I asked father if they were going to have preaching. On being told that the people had come to get goods at the store, I began to gather up the things I wanted. I would soon have had our wagon loaded, but was informed that we would have to pay for them.

Coming out of this store, we started down the street. It seemed that every store we passed was more beautifully decorated than the last. Finally we stopped at a hat store. I said, "Pop," (that is what I call him at home) "I want a new hat for Christmas." He got me a little green hat with a black band on it. I thought I was "fixed" then, so I put it on and we started out again.

We were going back up town when "pop" stopped to talk with some men. I was watching what was going on in the street. All at once a man came dashing down the street in an automobile. Not knowing what the thing was, I shouted, "Look thor, pop! a horse has run away and broke the shafts off that buggy. Let's catch it," and with that I made a dash after the auto. Just as I stepped off the sidewalk the toe of my brogan struck a rock and I fell headlong into the side-ditch, dropping my new hat in a mud-puddle. Picking it up, I went to "pop" with cries similar to those of a three-year-old chap,



only much stronger. He wiped the mud off my new hat and gave me a stick of red candy to keep me from crying.

We then continued to ramble until we had visited every place in town. I had several other experiences similar to the ones I have just described, but cannot relate them now. But let me give a word of warning to the young: if you have never been to town and you are thirteen years old be sure you wait until you are past that unlucky number.



### **Saving Time on West View Farm**

By J. B. JONES, 12

For several years on the old farm we never thought of any faster way to cut wheat and oats than with the cradle. We always delighted in hearing father tell long stories of how people in his childhood harvested with reap-hooks. Whole neighborhoods would gather at one farm, and the harvest days would really be pleasant. After the meager crop was gathered a room was emptied of its furniture, and then followed a dancing jubilee. So many interesting stories did he relate that I came to wish I had never seen a cradle, so we would all have to do our harvesting together. But when father came from town with a binder I was amazed. I could not believe there was anything besides a man that could cut, bind, and pile up wheat. Never shall I forget my first experience with this machine.

The wheat on both sides of the railroad was ripe, and the harvest fragrance filled the air. Sometimes just before night in those harvest days I would steal into the wheat and imagine myself lost. Hard by the wheat there was a field of corn. There was scarcely anything I enjoyed more than stretching prone in the middle of a corn row and watching the heavy trains as they went rumbling along, carrying millions of tons of coal. But there came one coal train I did not wish to see.

We had cut all the wheat on one side of the railroad, and it was necessary to cross over. (I say "we," because I was always present.) The time showed 4:30 o'clock, and two and a half hours' work remained yet to be done if we should finish that Saturday evening. The thunder heads in the west warned

us that no time should be lost. It requires half an hour to jack up a binder and put under the trucks, so we decided to pull it across on the bull-wheel. One man laid some old cross-ties so as to widen the crossing place, while another held the spirited horses. The crossing was almost at the top of a steep grade. No one knew when a coal train would come, but of course we must run the risk. Scarcely had the first horse put his foot over the rail when, lo! a freight train coming down the hill on the opposite side of the creek! It was only about two miles away. It seemed as if I had never heard a train running so fast. Of course there was plenty of time for us to get across if nothing should happen to hinder us, but the big binding machine filled me with horror. Just then one of the horses stepped into a pile of cinders and stood almost straight up on his hind legs. This stopped everything instantly, and as the horse came down one of his fore feet slipped between the breast chain and the hames of another horse. This leaving him half suspended, he made a desperate effort to free himself, as if he would jerk down the other horse between the rails.

Meantime the train had descended the other side, and the sounding trestle below us, as well as the grating of the rails beneath our feet, gave the danger signal. To flag down the train on this steep grade would cause it to stall, while letting it come would mean destruction. So one of the men with his red bandanna in hand ran to meet the giant. The big engine was climbing up the grade a short distance away, but out of sight around the curve, and it was fast losing speed. There was no need of our flagman, for the engine stalled without knowing the horses and binder were on the track. Before the fireman could get up sufficient steam to pull out we unhitched the surging horse and with the other two pulled the binder across safely.

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### **My Experience in Hypnotism**

BY J. W. DALTON, '13

I have always been more or less a believer in hypnotism. Although I had never seen anyone hypnotized, I had heard a

great deal about it, and did not doubt but that it could be done.

A few nights ago one of the boys boasted that he could put anyone to sleep. He was at once challenged by one of the ministerial students, who declared that he did not believe that any man possessed such a power. We at once assembled in one of the rooms of the dormitory to see this mysterious power displayed.

The hypnotizer asked several boys to sit down upon the floor in a circle. All the boys, together with the preacher, were to hold each other's hands. I looked on with all the curiosity of one who is about to see some superhuman power displayed. Soon the young hypnotizer began to count slowly, "1, 2, 3"—there was a titter about the room, but he counted still more slowly, "4, 5, 6"—and to my astonishment, the young minister began to drop his head, as if he were very tired and wanted to sleep. "7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12"—and a death-like silence fell over the room. I saw a terrible pallor creep over the young preacher's face, as if he were in the clutches of Satan. The hypnotizer seemed almost as much affected as his victim, for he grasped his hand with a firmer grip, while it seemed as if it were taking all of his strength, and it was with difficulty that he continued, "13, 14, 15, 16." Then, as if moved by some unearthly power, the young preacher jumped straight up, while there came a terrible look over his face. His eyes were unlike anything that I had ever seen before. I shrank back in horror from him as he began to shriek like a madman. Over chairs, tables, washstands, he ran from one part of the room to the other, throwing his hands over his head crying fearfully. Whether the boys believed he was hypnotized or not, they scattered like so many sheep. I found myself crouching in the darkest corner of the room. The frantic boy ran out into the hall and down the steps before anyone could catch him. Finally, after a chase around the campus, they overtook him and brought him back. He fell over in the corner, and I thought he was dead, but I was told that the spell would soon wear off.

I rushed to my room and began to tell my room-mate what had happened. But he only laughed at me, and said the fellow

was putting on, and I was a fool for believing such nonsense. At this I grew indignant. I told them that I knew when a person was acting the fool and when he was not, and that I had seen with my own eyes a man suddenly changed from a quiet, peaceful preacher to a raving maniac. I was wild with enthusiasm; I debated and talked with them till my nerves were all unstrung. But still they would not believe. One of them was so rash as to wager five dollars that he could not be hypnotized. Another enthusiast like myself offered to make him a present of five dollars if he were not put to sleep. So with this understanding we went back to the same room and called for the young hypnotizer, whom I thought looked very tired, and was loath to do the same thing again. When they began to form the ring I left and went to my room. I did not doubt but that he would soon be under the same spell as was the other. I closed the door and tried to read, but could not. The dormitory suddenly became quiet, and in a few moments I heard that fearful shriek and I knew that he was hypnotized. I did not dare to leave my room, for I was filled with terror. I heard him rushing through the hall, making a terrible noise. The boys scattered to the four corners of the campus. It has been reported that some did not return until just before daybreak.

When he grew quiet and came to himself I went to take a look at him. He was lying on the bed, with several boys fanning him. His face was pale, and I fancied that his eyes were bloodshot, while in places his clothing was torn. I viewed him triumphantly. "Oh," I said, "have you any more five dollars to throw away? I guess you believe that you can be hypnotized now, don't you?"

He did not seem to understand what I said, and thinking that his brains were not clear, I went back to my room to wait until next morning to ridicule him. That night I had terrible dreams of being hypnotized and of hypnotized people coming toward me with their horrible looks and shining eyes. I could not forget the horrible sight.

Imagine, if you can, my mortification next morning when the fellow who had wagered the five dollars told me that the whole thing was a fake, and all that they did was a "put on."



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## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

In a previous edition of THE ARGUS *Some High School Advantages* special stress was laid on the fact that too much home-going of the students is injurious. Mention was also made of school-life and after-life. In this edition we wish to call attention to some advantages of high school life. Doubtless many think school-life is made up of a constant digging after dry facts from the text books. To disabuse your minds of this false idea let us mention a few advantages offered by our own High School.

When you enter this school you are brought in close contact with boys and girls of various towns, counties and states. Thus mingling with them you become acquainted with the general manners and customs of different localities. You are thrown in touch with leaders of the school, men and women of great minds and developed talents.

Next you see the advantage of the class-room. Here you get the thoughts of great men and are taught the practical advantage to which these may be put. Boys are not only taught that

there are such things as water wheels, electric machines, and steam engines, but are shown how they may save much time and labor by using them at their homes. Girls do not see only the everlasting drudgeries usually contributed to housekeeping, but are taught the secrets of successful home-life. The gay youths who enter the class-room in the fall come out developed and refined young men and young women in the spring.

Another lesson of special importance is that of self-control. No boy or girl is educated until he or she is able to master self at the proper time. In a high school where so many public exercises are rendered, numberless opportunities are given for anyone to practice self-control. Very often when there is to be a recital or public entertainment of any sort the students seem to abandon the thought of class-work entirely, as if it were absolutely necessary for them to do so. This is very harmful, as it not only robs you, but also your classmate, of opportunities that will never return. Now, if you will carry on your part of the work when these affairs are to come off you will be accomplishing a great deal toward self-control.

The high school literary societies also afford great advantages for the development of public speaking. Many times people are judged by the way in which they express themselves before the public. The opportunities are given by the societies and the members are urged to take part, however feeble their efforts may be. In a short while one is not only able to speak to his fellow members, but is capable of entertaining a vast audience.

Christian advantages are always to be preferred to any others. The high school offers better advantages along this line than any other. First we find the church and Sunday school always open to you. Then the mid-week prayer meeting, together with the students' prayer meeting and also the Young Men's and Young Women's Associations are a great help. But, best of all, the faculty consists of consecrated men and women, backed by the consecrated men and women of two great associations. These are a few of the many advantages offered by a high school.



***Fun and Lawlessness***

Virgil has written with heart-stirring rhyme the fall of Troy and the wanderings of Aeneas. That there ever was a city called Troy cannot be proven beyond a doubt. We are told that the Americans made a gallant charge up the slopes of King's Mountain in defiance of Ferguson's disciplined forces. This we know to be true, for the graves can now be seen that contain particles of their bones. Many writings of antiquity are probably fictitious, while those of historic times are for the most part true, but where is the line of distinction? Or what number was the feather that broke the camel's back? The noise of a small boy on the street is unnoticeable, the clamor of a mob is not endurable, but what is just the loudest noise that could be made and no one say anything about it, and the police make no arrest?

Often in this age, when men are doing things with reckless rapidity, we do not stop to think just where our privileges end and some one else's begin. Natural laws provide equal privileges for all men, and if one person is hoggish his fellow-man must assuredly suffer. The student knows that Newton said, "To every action there is an equal and opposite reaction." This is just as true in the social world as it is in the physical science. But where is the mark of separation? Millions have died without settling this fact. The barkeeper enjoys his dollars, but they cost the manhood of all his customers. The romantic and ambitious youth is sorry that there are no dragons to slay nor nations to conquer, but is there not here a field needing his activities?

The question then arises, how can we so influence public opinion that thoughtless selfishness may be overcome? Of course the home is the real place. There the child should be taught to care for the pleasure of brother or sister. The world is needing the man who from childhood has been taught such lessons that he would not disturb the child trying to study. If he would make a loud noise about his playmates seeking knowledge he may hinder his nation striving to make progress. If this duty is neglected in the home then it rests upon the teacher.

In many cases it is acquired. Surely no student who is put upon his own honor will fail to look after this most important thing.

We are often so blind that we fail to see the line of distinction between what our friends are supposed to do for us and what they are really doing. This is termed by the ugly word "ingratitude." Who has not seen the son wasting the money that his father earned for him? Who has not seen the boy whittling upon the corner of the house that it required so much work to build? Cutting the desks seems a very small affair, yet it has some significance. It shows that we do not appreciate the efforts of those who provided them for us. And nothing will hurt the feelings of our fellow-men worse than ingratitude. Then let us add with our New Year resolutions at this hour, "I will try not to injure my friend."



## SCHOOL NOTES

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On the evening of November 25th, the Kalagathian and Kalliergeonian Literary Society gave a play, "The Private Secretary." The cast of characters was as follows:

Mr. Marsland . . . . .	B. P. Jenkins
Harry Marsland (his nephew) . . . . .	John Dalton
Mr. Cattermole . . . . .	T. F. Harris
Douglas Cattermole (his nephew) . . . . .	T. L. Wilson
Rev. Robert Spalding . . . . .	G. S. Falls
Mr. Sydney Gibson (Taylor) . . . . .	E. V. Hudson
John (a servant) . . . . .	R. D. Currence
Knox (a writ server) . . . . .	D. D. Lattimore
Gardner . . . . .	Alger Hamrick
Edith Marsland . . . . .	Kate Moore
Eva Webster (her friend and companion) . . . .	Rosa Lee Smith
Mrs. Stead (Douglas's landlady) . . . . .	Lucy Lattimore
Miss Ashford . . . . .	Bettie Lee Cade

Mr. Fred Harris was a great success as Mr. Cattermole, uncle of Douglas Cattermole, while all the other characters were ably represented. Douglas Cattermole is masquerading in Mr. Marsland's home as his private secretary, Mr. Spalding. He falls in love with Edith Marsland, while Harry Marsland finds that Eva Webster is also very attractive.

The real private secretary appears on the scene, and the masquerade is discovered. Mr. Cattermole is reconciled to his nephew, and in the last scene Douglas and Edith, as well as Harry and Eva, are engaged to be married. Mr. Marsland objects to Edith's engagement, but consents at last, for, although Douglas takes his daughter, he finds him what he has long needed—a private secretary.

Although the young people had had little experience in acting, the play was rendered exceedingly well, and was greatly enjoyed by the large crowd in attendance.

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On Sunday, December 17th, Dr. C. E. Gower, of Charlotte,

visited our school and delivered an address to the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. in joint session.

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The old students are nearly all back, and a number of "freshies" have been added to the roll, which now numbers 218. The faculty and students report "huge" times during the holidays, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. The blue has already vanished from the students which they contracted on account of the sudden change from all the pleasures and enjoyments with parental kindred and other relatives akin either by affinity or consanguinity, back to a season of studiousness.

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Miss Bessie Rogers, our art and assistant music teacher, received the handsome amount of \$250.00 for one of her paintings which she sold during the holidays.

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The girls continue to have their little prayer meetings. These daily services are of incalculable benefit in preserving the moral tone of the school, and keeping it up to a higher pitch.

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The Y. W. C. A. is improving rapidly in its work. Almost every girl in school is a member, and a large number from the community have joined in with us.

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On Monday evening, December 4th, a Mission Study Rally was given by the Y. W. C. A. for the purpose of organizing three mission study classes. The programme consisted of songs, essays, readings, and short talks on the importance of missions. Never before had we so much realized the need of mission work. After the programme the study classes were organized. Each one of these classes is led by a student. The text books that are being used are: "The Challenge of the City," "The Uplift of China," and "Daybreak in the Dark Continent." The leaders are Eva Long, Ruth Greene, and Fannie Allen.

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On the fourth Saturday evening of November the Athenian



Literary Society rendered a programme which was a treat to all present.

Reading . . . . . C. C. Matheny  
 Declamation . . . . . J. O. Ware  
 Oration . . . . . W. T. Tate  
 Locals . . . . . J. P. Calton  
 Vocal Solo . . . . . Miss Euzelia Hamrick

QUERY.—*Resolved*, That the wage earning class should be organized.

*Affirmative*—M. M. Goins, W. A. Elam.

*Negative*—Rush Padgett, J. B. Jones.

Both sides were ably defended. The judges decided two and one in favor of the negative.

---

The students fully realize the loss of our retiring pastor, Rev. Mr. Cade, whose sermons will ever be remembered. Not only do we love him as a pastor but also as one of our former teachers. Concerning him *The Cleveland Star* says:

"Encouraging reports come in every few days regarding the progress that is being made toward the completion of the Cade typesetting machine, which is being built by A. Nacke & Sons, in Philadelphia. Mr. Cade is there himself, and has been with the machine five weeks. He comes home this week, and will go back shortly to see the preliminary test. Everything is complete but the matrices or molds for the type. Some delay was caused in getting these matrices stamped. A. Nacke & Sons had hoped to have them done at another shop, but this would have resulted in heavy expense and long delay, so they built a stamping machine especially for this work and are doing the work themselves. As soon as these matrices are stamped and attached to the machine it will be ready for demonstration.

"It is interesting to know that the people through this section have great confidence in Mr. Cade's invention, and numbers of people have sent in money asking for stock in the concern, but the board of directors have sold all the stock they care to at present, and these men were turned down."

## ATHLETIC NOTES

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Although the weather is very cold, the athletes are still active. The basket ball team, now in its infancy, is striving to equal or surpass anything in this section. On December 9th a series of games were begun with Piedmont High School. It was a very interesting game, notwithstanding our team had been organized only two weeks. The score was 12 to 30 in favor of Piedmont. The nice playing and good manners of the Piedmont boys won the admiration of the entire school.

The next game will be played at Piedmont as soon as the weather becomes favorable. We expect as great a success for this team as the past records show for the baseball team. Ere long the violets will bloom, then "Good eye, Mr. Umpire!"

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## MIRTH

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*"Mirth, admit me of thy crew."*

The secret messenger mouse of THE ARGUS overheard the following New Year resolutions:

"I will look before I leap."—U. M. A.

"I will learn the residences in Boiling Springs."—H. S. B.

J. P. C.—"I will prepare for my life-work, namely: furnishing milk for creameries."

"I must change my Sunday abode."—Cleveland County Rabbits.

"I will have Ferfreedom or die."—A. V. H.

"I will read all the books I can find on Methodist Doctrine."  
—I. M. H.

"I will subscribe for the Poultry Magazine."—T. W. C.

"I will be kind to all dumb animals."—T. F. H.

"I will not appear green in society."—A. Mc.

"I will buy better candy."—N. L. W.

"Before I do anything I will look before and after."—R. C.

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## OF COURSE NOT.

"By the way, Elder Brown, why is it that you always address your congregation as 'brethren' and never mention the women in your sermons?"

"But, my dear madam, the one embraces the other."

"Oh, but, elder, not in church."—*Success*.

---

#### WHY HE WENT.

"Why did you come to college, anyway? You are not studying," said the professor.

"Well," said Willie, "I don't know exactly myself. Mother says it is to fit me for the Presidency; Uncle Bill, to sow my wild oats; sis, to get a chum for her to marry; and pa, to bankrupt the family."—*The Ladies' Home Journal*.

---

A doctor prescribed rest and change for a small boy, saying that his system was quite upset. After he had gone the little boy said:

"I knew I was upset, mamma, because my foot's asleep, and things must be pretty bad when you go to sleep at the wrong end."—*Biblical Recorder*.

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#### HE KNEW.

"Tommy," the schoolma'am asked, "why are you scratching your head?"

"'Cause nobody else knows just where it itches."—*The Ladies' Home Journal*.

---

Little Willie—"I want to ask a question, teacher."

Teacher—"What is it, Willie?"

Little Willie—"Are the Sandwich Islands ham or beef?"—*Biblical Recorder*.

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Secretary. . . . . Kate Moore  
Treasurer. . . . . Lucy Lattimore

Colors: Blue and White; Flower: Daisy; Motton: "Non ministrari sed ministrare."

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---

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